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The books that have been printed in stereotype are very beautiful, and equally correct as the best editions of books printed in the ordinary mode. But as it would seem that there is no great saving of expense by the new method, it has as yet been only very partially adopted.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOCTOR, HIS PATIENT, AND A WHISKEY DISTILLER.
Doctor.

GOOD morning, Mr. A. how do you do this morning?

Patient. Indeed, dear Doctor, I feel but very indifferent; my stomach much out of order, my hand trembles, and my appetite is quite gone.

Dr. (Feels his pulse, puts his hand on his breast, &c.) Truly, dear Sir, your whole frame seems much out of tone, but I'll prescribe some medicines that will, I trust, be of great use. Ha! what is this on the side-board, that seems so fine and transparent?

P. Indeed Doctor that is an old acquaintance that you have often charged me to have less intimacy with; but I was so sickly, feeble, and thirsty this morning, that I could not refrain from taking a glass of my old friend, diluted with spring-water, otherwise, I am sure I would not have existed until now.

Dr. Ha, ha! (shaking his head, and putting on a very important look) so, so, good day, sir, good bye, farewell. Galen and Hypocrates, and all the ancient and all the modern physicians, doctors, quacks and apothecaries that ever existed, or at present do exist, are not able to save you from the grave, if you, contrary to my express directions, and injunctions, continue to hold up and maintain an intercourse and intimacy with your insidious and most potent and invincible enemy.

P. Stay, dear Doctor, stay a few minutes, I shall in future be guided entirely by your advice and directions. Ah, ah! I am very weak and feeble, feeble; (here a qualm seizes the patient and he almost faints.)

Distiller. Mr. Doctor, I have hitherto listened with much patience to your invectives against whiskey, which it ill becomes a gentleman of

your talents and liberality of sentiments to utter, especially as the abuse of it is conducive to your enolument, but of this more may be said again.

It is as innocent of the crimes you lay to its charge, as a new-born infant. It was made and created for the use and health of man, in this damp and foggy, and rainy northern region; you know that the best and most nutritive solids or liquids taken to excess are frequently productive of gout, fevers, rheumatism, and a long catalogue of disorders that end in death.

Dr. Hold, hold, Mr. Distiller, who taught you the study of physic, and to enumerate the disorders incident to the human body?

Dist. With your good leave, dear, Doctor, you will permit me to proceed in the vindication of my liquor. I said that the excessive use of those good things brought on various disorders, that terminated in death. As to myself, do I ever force any person to use my liquor at all, hot or cold? are not all its votaries endued with common sense and free will; have they not power to partake of such a quantity of its exhilarating body as may be useful, without going further? You may prescribe to your patients bolus, and crocuses metalorum, &c. in a certain quantity, but if by the ignorance of yourself, or boy, a double dose is administered, your patient is a dead man; he had no means of avoiding the blow. Not so with my friends, if they will be guilty of self murder with their eyes open; let them be denied christian burial, let the priest only say, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth," and omit "in sure and certain hopes of a resurrection into life eternal."

P. Hold your peace Mr. Distiller, I have listened with too much patience to your harangue, in vindication of your liquor; no doubt some part of it is true, and some too shocking for a man in my situation to hear; do you deny your unfortunate victim, after in the guise of friendship, you have reduced him to a state of idiocy, and all the powers and faculties of his mind and body, into a state of inanity and disorder. Hand me that decanter, Doctor—(whirls it into the grate.) There, monster, I bid you an eternal adieu (whiskey takes fire, makes a great ex-

plosion ascends the chimney with the rapidity of lightning, and sets it on fire, a bustle ensues; however, the chimney is better cleaned than if a dozen of the sooty trade had by turns ascended) well, well, I am afraid I have been too hasty, throws himself back on his armed chair, in a languishing condition.

Dr. Indeed patient you have doubtless been rather violent in your proceedings. No wonder you should be agitated at the Distiller's defence, as the grog you have taken this forenoon has somewhat deranged your intellects; I am glad, however, that you have shown so much resentment. However, I do not mean to prevent you, at present, from a total use of your wonted enjoyment; you shall have one glass, that is half a naggin after dinner, and the like after supper, and no more, on pain of excommunication: (another decanter is set on the side board.)

Dist. I am rejoiced, Doctor, you have not excluded your patient entirely from the use of so necessary a cordial, so there is no danger of this bottle partaking the fate of its much lamented brother, who, even with his dying breath, has rendered your patient an essential service, by cleaning his chimney, which was foul as the *Ægean* stable. But I must observe to you, gentlemen, that if the use of my liquor was totally prohibited, the farmer, who is my steady friend and advocate, would be unable to pay his rents, the lord of the soil could not then purchase even the necessaries, not to say the luxuries of life; it is in vain to object against whiskey, because some tradesmen and labourers make an improper use of the comforts it affords. If the mechanics were duly sober and acquired an independence, would they toil and drudge at their respective occupations? If the labourer did not sink a part of his earnings in whiskey, think you he would continue to slave and cultivate the soil for the small pittance acquired by the most severe and constant toil? If our lads of spirit were not inspired by its means, would they with such ardour enlist in our fleets and armies, and rush with impetuosity, either to victory or to recline themselves, and sleep the sleep of death,

on that large and adored bed, the bed of honour.

Dr. Stop, stop, Mr. Distiller, if you please, until I enumerate a few of the bad consequences that a close correspondence with your liquor has produced.

When we take into consideration some of the advantages attendant on those instances you have referred to, let us view the matter on the other side. If the landlord has set his farms at so exorbitant a rent, that unless the produce of the farmer's fields were converted into whiskey, the rent could not be paid, let him be more just and moderate in his demands. Instead of that, is it just or reasonable, or becoming, that the product of the best and richest of the farmer's land should be converted into your transparent and intoxicating liquor? If a farmer finds a redundancy of barley at market, can he not convert the produce of his best lands into crops of wheat, oats, clover, &c. which would render these indispensably necessary and useful articles in greater plenty, and consequently cause the poor as well as the rich to be supplied on lower terms; at the same time the farmer is abundantly recompensed for his toil. The argument concerning tradesmen and labourers is most fallacious, for we know by experience that such of them as are frugal, support their families better, and when their property begins to encrease, that such encrease gives a spur both to their industry and economy; whereas, when they are drunken and dissipated, their miserable families can scarce exist, they grow lazy, ill-natured and indolent, being filled with an excess, of the spirit, not of religion and virtue, but every thing of a contrary tendency.

As to the lads of spirit you mention, a bad education, early habits of vice and dissipation, render them averse to any mechanical or servile laborious employment. Hence by the wise permission of Providence, the lower orders of the military, and some in higher stations, are made, as it were, a circle of fire, to guard the sober and industrious of all orders in the state, who by the products of their exertions, pay for the subsistence of these guardians.